

THE DAILY STAR

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17

GUARD is now not only very dead but exceedingly well buried. The accounts state that the coffin containing the remains is secured by cement and scrap-iron some four feet in thickness. Nothing short of nitro-glycerine can bring him to the resurrection.

BUSINESS FAILURES.

The reports made by the Mercantile Agencies are frequently cited, of late, to show the pressure of the times in business circles. From these reports it is made to appear that business failures have been more numerous and for larger amounts, during the present year than in any preceding years; and the common inference has been that business is becoming still more seriously depressed than at any former time.

Granting that these Agency reports are, in the main, reliable, still it may not follow that business depression throughout the country is greater than heretofore. The facts may be true as reported, and yet the inference may be altogether erroneous. For it is equally a fact that a very large proportion of the failures reported have occurred among business houses which have been struggling and staggering under their financial burdens for two years past; and have been kept afloat thus long only by struggling in the hope of some lucky turn in their affairs. Failing in this, they must go down. Such houses received their wounds long ago, perhaps in the panic of 1873, and it has taken them this long to die. Consequently, although the number of failures may be greater, it is not so much that they are victims of the business depression of 1875, as that they fell victims to the troubles of former years. It is in this way that 1875 has become the strand whereon are found the wrecks of a previous storm, and with whose disasters the present year had little or nothing to do.

In almost every instance of failure or suspension it will be found that the embarrassments originated in transactions altogether antecedent to the business of the present year. Consequently, it would not be conclusive of the fact that the business depression of this year is more excessive than heretofore. Indeed, the occurrence of those failures, which in reality commenced two years ago, may not be inconsistent with the gradual improvement of business during the latter months of the present year.

Another fact in connection with these failures is of equal significance, viz: that in a very large majority of cases, estimated in some quarters as high as seven-eighths, the direct cause of the failures did not originate with the legitimate business affairs of the houses themselves, but in outside speculations into which their capital had been too largely diverted. Instead of pursuing the regular channel of their business, they have turned aside to dabble in fancy stocks, to take their chances in "cornering" lard, or whisky, or grain, or in mutual exchanges of accommodation endorsements for speculative purposes. In such a condition of things, when one fails, all standing on this line must go down with him. The initial brick sets the whole row a-tumbling.

It is this demon of speculation that has brought ruin into our business world, and all our financial woe. No sooner do men find themselves in command of good business positions, surrounded by prosperity, and on the road to competency or fortune, than they are beset by this invidious fiend, who comes and sets about at their ear, and whispers schemes of avarice and ambition infinitely beyond the reach of plodding industry in business affairs. Even prudent men's minds become intoxicated by these venomous influences; and they are ruined by their erratic schemes in hastening to get rich. The present year is reaping a harvest, woefully abundant, from seed of such sowing in former years. And yet it were unjust to the business of the country to fasten upon the business of this year the numerous failures of which it is not so much the parent as it is the heir.

This is the lesson most needful, and yet the most difficult, for our business men to learn, i. e., that outside speculation is the canker which is sure to eat away the substantial resources of legitimate business. Like the *ignis fatuus* that flits over the morass, it is both delusive and dangerous. It is beyond the scope of any man's mind to watch with appropriate scrutiny all the details of legitimate trade in his particular line, while his thoughts are wandering with the will-o-the-wisp of speculation. His business fails because the man has himself failed.

It is not true to say that the country is now poor. It never before held more substantial wealth. It never before had more abundant crops. The people never had greater call to industry. The people of the Old World are coming as buyers to our markets. We were running wild in the mad race of speculation. We were brought to a sudden halt. It produced a shock, but it destroyed nothing but what was itself unreal and delusive. We have seen the cause and witnessed the result. In those events of the past few hours lessons for the future.

ONE AUGUSTUS WATSON, a citizen of the United States, is proposing a railroad across the continent of Africa. He has addressed a letter to President Roberts, of Liberia, on the subject, developing his project and indicating his plans for carrying it into execution.

He proposes to start his line of railway at Monrovia, and run eastward to the mouth of the Red Sea, through a region lying between the Great Desert and

the equator. The distance will be about 4,000 miles. The projector's idea is to invite capitalists in Europe and America to join in the enterprise, and obtain grants of land on each side of the line, as has been done in this country. The profits of the road are to arise from freight and passenger transportation, and in developing commerce in ivory, diamonds, gold and silver, coal and copper, and so on. How Noah and the Pharaohs will stare when they see the first locomotive come rushing in from Nyasah by the way of Mpoossooza across the Nile to the Red Sea!

POSTMASTER GENERAL JEWELL is a cunning old customer. Replying to a lady applicant for office, he wrote that there was no vacancy, and of the ladies employed in his Department none ever married. The cunning Jewell has not had a single application from a lady since.

ABOUT POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

The Washington newspaper prophets announce that Secretary Bristow's forthcoming report will strongly favor resumption, and return to a hard money basis. Though there will doubtless be needed some important modifications of the Resumption Act of January, 1875, to make resumption practicable.

The N. Y. World speaks of John Sherman's "set up" interview in the Commercial, on the subject of resumption, as a "sham." The financial Senator ought to get himself interviewed once more in order to explain what he never said. As a financier, the public has come to look upon Sherman as simply a pretentious humbug.

Senator Bayard has written an "open letter" published in the South for general reading in the North. In that "epistle general" of Bayard he builds for himself a platform upon which he virtually proclaims himself a candidate for the presidency. The doctrines enunciated, as to the currency, are very decidedly of the "hard-pan" school. On this point he would make a good candidate for the Republicans.

The Inter-Ocean says this:—"If the Cincinnati Enquirer is a truthful paper John G. Thompson, of Ohio, stands more than a chance of being Sergeant-at-Arms of the National House of Representatives. From all such wind-centers, heterophemico-cyclical howlers, fact-garblers, ungrammatical high-rollers, and bombardiers of the timid commonwealth, good Lord deliver the Democratic party and above all, save them from their friends!"

An admiring correspondent, writing of Hon. M. C. Kerr, says:—"Mr. Kerr owes everything to his wife. She has been his best friend and adviser, and her good judgment, thoughtful care and ambition, he is indebted for most of his success in life."

Such being the case, wouldn't it be the just and proper thing to make her "Mr. Speaker," instead of her husband?

The next House of Representatives will consist of 292 members. Of these only 108 were ever in Congress before, leaving the number of new members 184, all inexperienced, and what may be called "green." But we may hope that if they are awkward they are the more likely to be honest. The Democrats, having the majority, are humming and bumbling over the offices of the House, as busily as ever the busy bees were over a molasses cask. The Republicans, for the first time in sixteen years, are honored with curb-stone tickets, where they can look on without coming in to say a word. They occupy now the dignified position of the bound-boy at a basking.

As the third-term business is becoming pretty lively, it may be interesting to give Grant's letter on the subject, published some months ago. It will be found to read about as well one way as another. Here it is:—"Now for the third term. I do not want it any more than I did at first. I would not write or utter a word to change the will of the people in expressing and having their choice. The question of the number of terms allowed to any one Executive can only come up fairly in the shape of a proposition to amend the Constitution—a shape in which all political parties can participate, fixing the length of time or the number of terms for which a person shall be eligible for the office of President. Until such an amendment is adopted the people can not be restricted in their choice by resolution further than they are restricted as to age, nativity, &c. It may happen in the future history of the country that to change an Executive because he has served eight years in office will prove unfortunate if not disastrous. The idea that any man could elect himself President, or even renominate himself, is preposterous. It is a reflection upon the intelligence and patriotism of the people to suppose such a thing. Any man can destroy his chances for election, but no one can force an election or even a nomination."

"To recapitulate. I am not, nor have I ever been, a candidate for re-nomination. I would not accept a nomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise."

THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S.

BY RUFUS SARGENT.

In a huge and smoky foundry close by the wharves in the town of B— a gang of workmen were getting ready to cast the largest bell of the St. John's Cathedral chime. Only an hour more and they would let the glowing, bubbling metal flow from the huge ladle into the mold, and the bell would be buried deep in the black earth close by.

It was just at evening, and in the gathering twilight the lurid blue flames that burst from the top of the tall chimneys flashed unearthly gleams upon the neighboring windows and house tops. The scene within the foundry was wild and almost awful. The swart forms of the workmen, partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like Tartarian shades, and the sooty beams and ponderous chains crossing half black, half golden, under the golden roof, recalled the engines of Cyclops under Mt. Etna.

The town clock struck six. It was time for supper. All the men threw down their tools, and ran and put on their outer clothing.

"Be back in half an hour, sharp!" cried the fore-master. "We shall make the cast at a quarter of seven."

"All right, sir!" cried the men in response.

"I hear some of the town folks are coming down to see the work," said one.

"Yes," said another, "and I'll be something to open their eyes. There was never such a bell cast in the whole State as this one will be."

In a moment more only one workman and the master were left in the foundry. The former was to stay and watch the "blast." He had brought a double allowance of dinner, and he would make a supper of what remained.

"Perhaps we can get the 'inventor' to stay with you, George," said the master, laughing, as he prepared to go.

"Yes, where is he?" returned the man in the same jesting tone.

"He's been around the works long enough to know when anything goes wrong. Hello! hello! I say! Where's the 'inventor'?"

"Come here. Ah, there he is!" And in silent answer to the large eyes, and a pale, vacant face, appeared from behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a gray shirt, much soiled with dust, and he wore a pair of huge pantaloons, held up by a single suspender.

"Well, Mopius," quoth the man George, slapping his thigh roughly on the hip, "suppose you've got wit enough to help yell if anything's the matter?"

The young fellow looked stupidly around and nodded his head.

"Then sit here and look at that furnace, and don't take your eyes off it."

The poor lad smiled and meekly did as he was ordered, just as an obedient dog would have laid down to watch his owner's count.

A queer fellow was this "Mopius;" a stupid enough in ordinary things to need a world of watching, but with wonderful wit to watch a furnace. He knew all the workings of the foundry by what seemed a sort of brute instinct, but he could not explain his sagacity in this was a remnant of a once bright mind.

If anything happened or went in an unusual way he would always notice it, and say what ought to be done, though he could not tell, perhaps, why it ought to be done.

Two years before he had been an intelligent, promising lad. He was the son of a designer connected with the foundry company, and had always been allowed free access to the shops and to mingle with the men and watch their work. But one day a great lifting chain broke with his load, and an iron fragment struck him on the head, inflicting a large wound, from this he partially recovered, and only partially, for his reason was impaired. But his natural love for machinery and mechanical experiments remained, and as he regained his bodily strength he spent most of his time making small wheels and shafts, and putting together contrivances, and would exhibit with immense pride and satisfaction.

This peculiar trait in the young fellow gained for him the humorous title of the "inventor." All the men felt a great kindness for him, even though their manner toward him was occasionally harsh and impatient.

One day the person left to help watch the great blast for the casting of the king bell of the chime of St. John's. Faithfully he kept his place before the furnace, while the man George sat down at a little distance and began to eat his supper. Doubtless the latter intended to keep a general oversight, but he could not see the inventor's eyes do the most of the looking. Whether he felt a kind of reckless trust in the instinct of his half-witted companion, or indolently concluded that nothing wrong could happen, he was ready to blame for charging himself so little with the important duty before him.

As a word was said by either watcher, and only the deep roar of the furnace was heard through the vast foundry. George finished his supper and sauntered into one of the tool shops to find his pipe. "Inventor" sat alone before the great blast. The one rational faculty of his feeble mind, that something he could do, meant, and even something of the magnitude of the enterprise that was ripening inside those burning walls. He knew that the furnace was full of valuable metal, and that close beside him, buried out of sight in the deep sand, was the huge mold, so soon to be filled with the precious castings, the new and curious that all the channels for the flow of the fiery liquid were ready, and that near the mouth of the furnace stood the long iron rod that was to be used when the moment came to let on the molten stream.

All this his limited thoughts took in by habit. Dimly conscious that something was to be done, he sat with his eyes on the furnace absorbed and intent. Suddenly something startled him. There was a slight noise, and a burning crack appeared near the top of the furnace. Then another crack, and a scorching brick fell out and rolled to the ground at his feet.

But the metal poured out into the mold. But the waste was great from those gaping daws. The pressure was relieved by the open vent, but the leaks multiplied continually. It was at running a race with ruin.

Poor Mopius stood powerless before the coming catastrophe. His knees knocked together, his head averted, a great heap of red-hot bricks and rubbish fell at his feet. He had barely thought to get out of the way and save his life. He heard a wild shout of human voices in the distance, then an awful roar behind him, and he saw and felt himself hurled by surges of seething fire. Sharp, blinding pains pierced his flesh at hundred points. The rest was all a horrible, unintelligible dream. It was as if he had suddenly sunk into the earth and had been swallowed up forever.

By seven o'clock comparative quiet reigned again on the scene of the disaster. Ruins lay everywhere. The engines had quenched the flames that had caught the building, and the men, blackened with smoke, stood in silent groups around the remnant of the furnace. It had fallen to pieces and nothing was left but heaps of steaming rubbish.

Poor "Inventor," who had been found with the tapping-rod in his hands, lying on his face in the sand, frantically burned, had been carried to his home. Little was said, but the few words spoken uttered with no mild emphasis the natural wrath of the master and hands against the man George, whose excuses for himself only exaggerated his offense.

"See what he's done," said they, a few days later, as they stood in the half-burned foundry. "Five thousand dollars gone to waste in a minute! The best job in twenty years spoiled! The reason, to go hunting for his pipe and leave that stuttering idiot to watch! Is that all he can say for himself? Out upon such carelessness! Way, the boy didn't even know enough to bawl out when he must have seen the furnace tumbling to pieces!"

The master, who had more at stake than the men, of course felt the loss more keenly than they. He almost went with mingled grief and rage. Suddenly something peculiar caught his eye among the debris, and he cried in a startled voice:

"Hello! What's this? What's this?" He snatched up a fragment of one of the troughs which had led from the mold. There were traces of the stream of bronze still running in it. Then the possible meaning of the iron rod in the injured boy's hand flashed upon him.

"Hello! me a shovel, quick!" he shouted.

A spade was put into his hands, and he began nervously to heave away the hot mass that lay piled over the belt-mold. It was a Herculean task, but he worked like a giant, and three or four of his men took hold and helped him.

Brick bats, ore, slag, and ashes flew in every direction. Presently the master's spade penetrated the sand and touched something hard. He stooped down. Then he leaped up like one half frantic, and plying his spade with redoubled energy, tore away the remaining sand, and closing what looked like a great metallic ring.

"Mopius!" he cried out, lifting his flushed face, "the bell is cast!"

"Who did this?" asked every excited voice, as soon as the cheering died away.

"Come with me, two or three of you!" cried the master. "I think I know who did it. It's a miracle!"

They hurried away to the home of the half-witted boy. The attendant met them with his finger on his lips.

"The poor boy is in a brain fever," said he.

"Does he say anything in his delirium?" whispered the master.

"Oh, yes, he raves all the time about the big bell-mold. 'I hope it will fill—I hope it will fill,' he says."

The men exchanged glances. It was indeed true. The idiot has cast the great bell of St. John's. Just then the physician came out. "Perhaps he will recover his reason by this shock and sickness," he said. "Such things have happened."

"Do you think so? Pray heaven he may!" solemnly ejaculated the master and his men; and turned away deeply moved.

Two months later the great bell hung from a huge derrick in the lathe room of the factory, and beneath it stood a busy crowd of men, which it was about to be lowered. A silence fell upon the group of workmen as the pale face and feeble form of "Inventor" appeared, borne in on a small reclining chair. He had recovered his reason, and was just getting back his strength. His large gray eyes instantly fastened themselves on the bell, and he uttered masterpieces, whose meaning no man could hear. They had told him the whole story of the casting, and the disaster in the foundry, but all sounded like a wild romance to him.

"Remember nothing that happened," said he, shaking his head, with a smile, "it's all new to me; all new and strange—a strange!"

"Yes," said the master, devoutly; "it was God's hand."

Every eye turned upon the invalid. Some of the men felt almost afraid. It was so much like a resurrection to have him there among them, the boy they had known so long under wild, now a young man, keen and intelligent, as it changed into another being.

"I should like to strike the bell once," two men lifted him up and put a small hammer in his hand.

He struck one gentle blow. A deep, sweet, mournful tone, solemn as the sound of distant waterfalls, rolled from the great bell and echoed through the foundry. Tears filled the eyes of the rough men as they heard it.

"Ah!" said the master, "there's a halloo in that, and it may well begin here. Long may this bell praise God. He saved it in the ruins of the furnace by one who was brought in the ruin of a human brain. Our furnace is rebuilt, and behold this dear boy has his reason again! The bell and the boy shall glorify God together."

"Amen!" murmured the listeners. Then the great bell was lowered, and as the truck was rolled away with its melodious burden the boy was lifted and carried off after it, and both went out on the sunny day together, the rough men standing in the doorways watching their hands.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Depart. Arrive.
New York Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
New York Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.
Depot, Front and Kilgore. Time, 4 minutes slow.
Louisville Ex. daily, 5:30 A.M. 10:30 P.M.
Louisville Ex. daily, 12:30 P.M. 7:15 P.M.
Louisville Ex. daily, 8:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

MAHETTA AND CINCINNATI.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Paris Ex. daily, 5:45 A.M. 2:30 P.M. 5:45 P.M.
Paris Ex. daily, 4:50 P.M. 7:30 P.M. 12:30 A.M.

PARIS EX. DAILY.
Paris Ex. daily, 5:45 A.M. 2:30 P.M. 5:45 P.M.
Paris Ex. daily, 4:50 P.M. 7:30 P.M. 12:30 A.M.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA FARMERSBURG.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Baltimore Ex. daily, 5:45 A.M. 2:30 P.M. 5:45 P.M.
Baltimore Ex. daily, 4:50 P.M. 7:30 P.M. 12:30 A.M.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA COLUMBUS.
Depot, Kilgore and Front. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Baltimore Ex. daily, 5:45 A.M. 2:30 P.M. 5:45 P.M.
Baltimore Ex. daily, 4:50 P.M. 7:30 P.M. 12:30 A.M.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.
Depot, Mill and Front. Time, 11 minutes slow.
St. Louis Ex. daily, 5:30 A.M. 10:30 P.M.
St. Louis Ex. daily, 12:30 P.M. 7:15 P.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadley. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Dayton Ex. daily, 11:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Dayton Ex. daily, 9:30 P.M. 5:30 A.M.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex. daily, 7:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Cleveland Ex. daily, 10:30 A.M. 8:30 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex. daily, 7:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Cleveland Ex. daily, 10:30 A.M. 8:30 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex. daily, 7:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Cleveland Ex. daily, 10:30 A.M. 8:30 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex. daily, 7:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Cleveland Ex. daily, 10:30 A.M. 8:30 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex. daily, 7:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Cleveland Ex. daily, 10:30 A.M. 8:30 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex. daily, 7:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Cleveland Ex. daily, 10:30 A.M. 8:30 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex. daily, 7:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Cleveland Ex. daily, 10:30 A.M. 8:30 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex. daily, 7:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Cleveland Ex. daily, 10:30 A.M. 8:30 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex. daily, 7:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Cleveland Ex. daily, 10:30 A.M. 8:30 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex. daily, 7:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Cleveland Ex. daily, 10:30 A.M. 8:30 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex. daily, 7:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M.
Cleveland Ex. daily, 10:30 A.M. 8:30 P.M.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND.
Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast.
Boston Ex